BY CHARLES T. CONGDON. WONDERS OF THE SWELL TYPOGRAPHIC ART-TH PRISMATIC ANNOUNCEMENTS-THE APPEALS TO POPULAR NOTIONS OF FEMALE LOVELINESS-THE IRREGULAR AS DISTINGUISHED FROM THE REGULAR SEASON.

Already the theatres have begun their pictorial seductions. The men with large brushes and big naste-pots have been busy in glorifying the dead walls and the boardings. The particolored placards illuminate the windows of the tobacco shops, and shed a quite superfluous luridity over the bar-rooms. One pauses in his stroll through Union-square or the Bowery to gaze upon these coarse but effective displays, which, as they must be expensive, the shrewd managers doubtless find profitable. The passion of the age is for illustration. It would seem to be thought impossible to tell any story or to convey any information to the general mind without pic torial assistance. Nobody, at any rate, will be lieve in Mademoiselle Celestine, or pay a sixpence to see her, unless she be set before the world upon an irradiated sheet, in the scannest drapery, with one foot pointing to the sky and the other reduced to a mere matter of toes. It is quite a wonder that the public does not become a little weary of this perpetual exhibition of himb; but apparently it does not, as the walls of this city all last week abundantly testified. Depictured girls, dressed as infantry soldiers, have been displayed going through military drill, and commanded by the prettiest of the group. Questionable Spanish demoiselles have sprawled through every distortion of the bolero and eachuea, in quite a glory of the most brilliant and variegated ink. Again we are introduced to our old friends the Pirates of Penzince. Again we may gaze upon the familiar form of Evan geline, a little burlesqued. Again scoundrel shoots blackguard in the Bowery. Again we upon landscapes unlike any which illiberal nature has given us, and upon drawing-rooms which have evidently been arranged by the cheap furniture dealers, while in them a number of impossible persons are constantly standing in attitudes automically absurd, or firing pistols, or going up and down particularly wide staircases No doubt this is all nicer in the placard than we should find it upon paying our money to go inside. We should not find Mademoiselle Celestine any-thing like so beautiful in reality, and as for the lady who personates the French Spy, she would come on with a smear of rouge on each cheek, and a smirk in her old eyes, and a wonderfully frizzled yellow wig, and fleshings which might or might not fit her, but which would be pretty sure to be baggy at the knees; and having ne on, she would discharge firearms right and left, and send a great smoke and smell of villanous saltpetre into the auditorium. I do not re member how many lovely gymnasts have represented that wonderful Arab youth in New York. Madame Celeste brought it into fashion and did it well; since her time, it has remained in the possession of the dubious demoiselles, and has been enacted by many a dame sans merci. The play lives, though in a degraded and disreputable state, and may be presented for half a century to come in various dramatte holes and corners. Taste is a thing about which there can be no dis

pute. The play house haunters of the Bowery know what they like, and for that matter the managers of that locality also know what will draw the studious starers at the placards into the temple of amusement. You see these nigh priests of popular delectation standing at the doors of their palaces of enchantment, much moustached, with much mosaic jewelry displayed upon their persons, with brilliant boots and with hats of dazzling sheen. They appear to be marking the effect of the seven-hued posters. They evidently regard them as triumphs of the graphic art. Around are sometimes gathered excellent representatives of the companies -some of them also in brilliant hats and waistcoats, and some of them, alas! in a condition of seediness more or less advanced. There is the strong man who handles the caunon balls, seeming a little weak.

There is the minstrel who coaxes the banjo, or who goes through the mysteries of the clog dance; and you observe with pain that he looks a little pale, and not at all like a person likely to break spontaneously into dancing by day-light and at 10 o'clock in the morning. Somehow all these devotees about the temple have a slouchy air, as if they were not engaged, or expected every moment to be discharged; as if they had just been fined by the manager, or ought to be. They look much bolder in the bills, and are there represented in a deeidedly different and more gorgeous raiment. seem as if-should you smell them-they would smell of gas. You recognize them as the despondent persons who might have been seen in the hottest days of summer listlessly standing about the doors of the theatrical agencies, talking over coming chances, and occasionally diving down for a little beer and a fresh cigar.

As for the charming ladies of the posters-Mes dames Zoe, Celestine, Angelique, Fannie and the rest-they will not be found hanging about the doors of the temple, for the stern manager, who has his ideas of propriety, would not permit it. But one who is travelling down town of a morning on a Third-Avenue car may chance to see, demurcly seated in a corner, some little girl in dismal black as modes:ly arrayed as possible, and maybe with a pinched look which gives a hint of restricted diet. What will the reader say if assured that this insignificant creature is the celebrated Mademoiselle Zoe (born Smith), the identical damsel who is so glorified in the poster. She is going to rehearsal. The car stops; she alights; she trips quietly into the temple. To-night in gorgeous raiment, all smiles and spangles, she may char'n each beery spectator, who will possibly with ouths declare, in effect, that he never before gazed upon such a form of life and light! Poor little woman! there will not be much money for her at the box-office on Saturday, although her name is printed in such big letters in the bill. The manager will tell you, with something of a sneer, that there is always a glut of Mademoiselle Zoes in the dramatic market.

Next in importance to the posters are the portraits. What with the economical resources of photography and lithography, it is possible for every and actress to supply a curious with his or her counterfeit presentment. They all do it-the great and the little ones, the nobs and the snobs, the celebrated and the utterly unknown. Nothing can exceed the beauty of these portraits-these delineations of rare love liness and of manly elegance, the last sometimes with its hat on, and always with its moustache in a state of waxy perfection, its hyperion locks suggestive of a recent visit to the hairdresser. lithographers, those sly fellows, understand their business, which is to make the plainest face fascinating, or at least good -looking, while still preserving something of likeness. The softening crayon, no doubt, works wondrous transformations; but so does the rouge-pot, or the powder puff, and so do the We shall not be much disappointed, shough we go to the theatre with an expectation of visions of the rarest beauty, heightened by the theatrical portraits. Certainly not, if we are yet young enough to be bewildered and betrayed by all the delightful humbug of the boards. If we have come to sixty years, it may be different; but what right has anybody to be old and blase?

garded as the autumnal season even at theatres much more respectable than any to which we have alinded. But stage matters will settle down into something more like solid sobriety as the days get shorter and the evenings longer; yet in the cold gray winter the brilliancy of the bills will help to keep us warm. There may be houses which will speedily lapse into legitimate business; but let us hope that the minors will keep matters flaming outside all winter, especially as we are not obliged to go in. Meanwhile the royal public of the Bowery muses itself with all that is odd, astonishing, startling or funny. It goes not only into some theatre where every night there is manslaughter to music slow or rapid, according to the circumstances, with nigger minstrelsy afterward; but it invades the cheap muscums where there are fat ladies, and weak-kneed grants, and Albinoes with superfluonsly white heads of hair. One thinks, as he stroils along, and regards curiously the brilliantly-smeared

The posters indicate the character of what is re

canvases which are displayed, of the soliloquy of drunken Trinculo; "Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holi-day fool there but would give a piece of silver; day fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a deit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." But we have not come to dead Indians in the Bowery yet. We can see them there in a living state. There Smith, Jones and Robinson figure in war paint and moccasins, and with every aboriginal particular except the ring in the nose. That they would not submit to. Would the reader have a new sensation f Let him try the Bowery sights and shows and be happy!

MISSUNDERSTANDINGS.

He said "Good-bye," and he took her hand, And thought. "After all I was wrong; I dreamt that she loved me, and wake to find I have dropped away from her fanciful mind To the level where I belong."

He said, "Good-bye," and he loosed her hand.
And she laurhed as she said, "Farewell";
And she thought, "I was wrong for once, I see;
For I somehow fancied he cared for me—
But perhaps it is just as welt."

He said, "I shall never forget the days That the summer has brought this year.
When shall I see you?" "Ah, when?" she said.
"Whilst you are earning your daily bread
I shall be waiting here."

He thought, "She is crael, and hard, and cold,
I will take back my heart again;
For she will not stoop as she passes by,
But carries her proud head far too high
To be touched by a word of pain."

He said, "I am wasting your time, I fear,
You have always so much to do.
Do you think you could think, just once in a way!—
I haif forgot what I meant to say.
Good-bye! for my train is due."

She said. "I have wished you good-bye before, And I think that the grass is wet; And as to wasting our time," she said, "One wastes it dreaming of days that are dead, So I think I will just forget.

She thought, "To the last he has played his part, But I am his equal still; I think that my heart has gone to sleep. Or, perhaps, I have ouried it safe and deep, To come back to life at will."

He said, "There are tears in your eyes, I swear," And she answered, "You cannot see."
'At least I may look," he laughed and said,
'For I fancy that something I thought was dead
Has come back to life and me."

He said. "Sweet eyes, may I read your tears,
Would you rather I went away ?"
And shesaid, "Since the train—your train, you know,
Was due, at the least, an hour ago,
I think you had better stay."
G. Burt.

LITERARY RORROWERS.

The precise point at which borrowing ends and stealing begins in the Code of the Republic of Letters has never been satisfactorily defined by any professor of literary jurisprudence. Some have held that there is no theft in literature. When De Quincey said to Wordsworth, "That is what I told you," the reply was, 'No; that is mine—mine, and not yours." An old theatrical manuscript recently brought to light states, among many other curious facts respecting the early career and method of work of Molfére, that the famous dramatist borrowed the principal ideas for his "Misanthrope" from the subject of an old Italian comedy originally brought out at Naples. This need occasion no surprise, for Molfére himself once avowed: "Je prends mon bien, ou je le troure." It was declared by another French author, "I seize on what is mine wherever I find it." "It is all pouring out of one bottle into another" exclaimed Sterne, and he was himself stealing from Burton. Pascal transferred pages from Montaigne without the credit of quotation. When a critic charged Shakespeare with debts, Walter Savage Landor replied, "Yet he is more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life." In truth, it may be worth while consitering whether there be any book of modern literature so unquestionably original as to belong solely to its anthor. Unquestionably there are some minds so delicate and receptive that whatever is read is retained and unconsciously reproduced, with no intention of imposture. In Westminster Abbey is a monument to the memory of Lady Grace Gethin. This young lady—who was considered a prodigy in her day—is a conspicuous illustration of this fatal tendency. After her death her friends collected together various essays which she had written at spare hours. The book, says Mr. D'Israeli, claimed all the praise the finest genius could bestow upon it. Congreve prefixed a poem to the volume and wrote another in its praise. Yet it afterwards transpried that most of the articles were transcriptions Bacon could have been but little read at the end of the seventeenth century, when the volume appeared. D'Israeli was not above borrowing a good thing from the French. The author of "Lothair" is supposed to be the originator of that famous debinition of critics which describes them as "men who have failed in literature and art." But Shenstone and Dryden had already cut the ground from under him when he committed it to paper. When Lord Brougham left a translation of one of Voltaire's works to be published as his own, he may possibly have felt he was but avenging the pilfering of the philosopher of Fernay from the plays of Shakespeare. "All is said," writes La Bruyére despairingly, "and we come too late; since it is more than five the usand years that so many men have reflected. We only glean after the ancients, and the most skilful moderns."

THE FEROCIOUS FROG.

From the London Telegraph, German naturalists are requested by a Silesian

German naturalists are requested by a Silesian newspaper to reflect on a curious propensity of the frog, alleged to have been discovered during the draining of some huge carp-ponds upon Count Schaafgotsche's estate of Warmbrune. Upon transferring the fish from these preserves to baskets, for the purpose of co.veying them to tanks wherein they might disport themselves whilst their old familiar quarters were being cleansed, it was observed that frogs were clinging to the backs of many of the larger carp. Most of the fish thus beridden were blind, the frogs fore-feet being found firmly fixed in the eye-sockets of their victims.

Interrogated respecting this strange phenomenon, the chief pond-keeper told our contemporary's informant that, according to his experience, extending over several years, frogs were the deadliest enemies with which carp had to contend, and caused an annual mortality among the fish under his care of from 3 to 4 per cent of their total number. The frog's object in bestriding the carp, he said, was to feed upon the slimy matter that so frequently forms a sort of spongy crust on the heads and backs of the older fish; and, once settled in their favorite scat, they speedily succeeded in gonging their finny steeds, which, when blinded, being unable to look out for their tood, soon perished of hunger. How tightly these voracious batrachians hold on to their living pastures was exempled by the pond-master, who picked up a carp weighing two pounds and a balf, and held it suspended in the air by one of the hund-legs of a frog perched upon its back in the manner above described. Carps thus frog-ridden to death begin to turn yellow on the third day after the parasitical croaker has taken his seat, rapidly waste away and generally die within a fortnight from the commencement of their mariyrdom. In clear water it is prefended that they can espy their nimble foe as he prepares to spring upon them, and by a timely wriggle often escape his attack; but in dim and slimy old ponds, like those of Count Schaafgot

THE MALMAISON.

THE MALMAISON.

From Galignani.

All the old historical French chateaus are gradually falling under the auctioneer's hammer, or crombling away in ruins. Chenonceaux, the favorite residence of Diane de Poitters and Catherine de Medicis, now belongs to a Republican deputy, who two years ago entertained there a number of the most fervent admirers of Paul Louis Courier, the arch enemy of monarchs. Fouquet's palace at Vaux is now the property of a sugar refiner; Luciennes, built for Madame Dubarry, is in the hands of a manufacturer; Sardon is the owner of the palace of the Montmorencys; a linendraper has bought Chamarande, a gitt of Napoleon III. to the Duke of Persigny; a score of others have had a similar destiny, while Mendon, St. Cloud and the Thileries have been reduced to heaps of ruins. But the Malmaison is richer in attaching noble souvenirs than them all; it is the freshest oasis in the whole of Napoleon's career of devastation. Madame Bonaparte bought the property in 1798 for the trifling sum of \$32,000, and there it was that the future Empress Josephine spent the happiest and most sorrowful portions of her life. Her Ihursday receptions form a picture of delightful repose in the midst of those busy, boisterous times. There she held a court surrounded by beauties, poets and artists, among whom were Bernardin de St. Pierre, Legouvo, Joseph Chenier, Pieard, Collin d'Harleville, Volney, Talma, Ducis, Lesneur, Girodel, Nepomucene-Lemercier, whom, Republican though he was, Josephine won over to the cause of the First Empire, and a host of other men of talent. The charm of those Thursdays was still further heightened by the dazzling beauty of the future Queen Hortense, the Countess Fanny de Beauharnais, Mme. Tallien, Mme. d'Houdetot, Mine. Caffarelli and many more. That army of elite endeavored, by elegance of language, dress and manners, to stem the torrent of courseness, brutality and violence let loose by the Revolution. At times a thin little man, with a yellow complexion, hair lying flat on his head, and spa

parte.
It was at the Malmaison that the 18th Brumaire was prepared. It was there, too, that Lemeroier

A Company of the work of

read his tragedy of "Charlemagne" to the First Consul, who wanted him to change the denouement, read his tragedy of "Charlemagne" to the raise Consul, who wanted him to change the denouement, so as to show the conquered nations coming to Charlemagne to offer him in great pomp the crown and empire of the East. The Consulate raised Malmaison to its highest splendor, but no sconer had Napoleon become Emperor than Josephine's modest chateau was abandoned for the paiatail magnificence of St. Cloud. After the divorce La Malmaison became the Kimbolton of the modern Catherine of Aragon. The fallen Empress pined and died there during the first invasion. The allied sovereigns invited themselves to dine with her, and it was white showing the Emperor of Russia the grounds that Josephine caught the cold that carried her to the grave three days later. After Waterloo Napoleon revisited the scene of the only happiness he had ever known, and paid a nocturnal visit to the tomb of his once-loved Josephine. On leaving the Malmaison he went direct to Rochefort, where the Bellerophon was waiting for him. La Malmaison has, it is understood, been bought by a speculator, who intends to seli it in small lots. In future some thrifty peasant will no doubt sleep in the chamber where the conqueror of a world was wont to seek repose.

A FAST OF FIFTY-FIVE DAYS.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

A gentleman, about thirty-three years old, had often been subject to fits of depression and melancholy. He was a man of good social position, had somewhat d.stinguished himself in his scholastic life, and was always considered as extremely goodnatured and thoughtful, though from his earliest age obstinate and self-willed. He was one of those of whom it is said that if "he took anything into his head nothing would turn him." He was not subjected at any time to much restraint; and, as he was comfortably provided for by a business which called for but little personal attention, he really had as smail occasion for anxiety as most men I have known. In religion he was not enthusastic and his melancholy was untouched by any saddening religious sentiment; but he brooded over imaginary evils, which he almost invariably referred to the stomach, and he sought advice from men of all kinds who professed to practise medicine, having just as much faith in a pretentious quack or in the veriest old woman as in the most regular professor, so long as his whim for liking them lasted. In a word, he became, as his friends said of him, a confirmed hypochondriae. In figure he was naturally very slight, and he was at all times a small eater.

In seeking one day for advice from a professor of as chismatic school of physic, he gathered what he supposed to be an entirely new light as to the cause of his malady. The professor, very learned and imposing, detailed to the sufferer the ideas then prevailing as to the cause of primary digestion, and the experiments which Dr. Beaumont had conducted on that most interesting of physiological instructors, Alexis St. Martin. This history of the accidental shot which has made St. Martin such a figure in history, even to the present time (for I believe he still lives), the account of the opping into the stomach, of the notes that had been made from visual inspection of the process of digestion, the description of the gastric juice, the enlightenment was complete, positi

water, which required no digestion. The idea implanted in his mind held its place, and was never uproofed. Unfortunately, it was confirmed by the effects of a first attempt at reduction of food. The stomach, no doubt very feeble and irritable, was relieved by a reduction of food, and therewith the depression of mind was signally relieved—an occurrence by no means unusual, and perhaps a natural consequence.

Soon after the first aftempt to reduce food to a minimum, there succeeded another stage, in which the desire for food seemed to pass away altogether. Then, when food was taken, by a great effort and with much repugnance, it caused pain, disturbance, and a greater depression than usual of mental power, with a more determined dislike to repeat the process, and a firmer and deeper conviction in the hypothesis that he failed to produce any of the natural digestive fluid.

In time there seemed to be an entire failure of desire for food, a less of sense of taste, a loathing at the odor of food, an urritable objection to have the subject of feeding even spoken about, and finally a resolute determination not to take any more food at all unless appetite or desire for some particular kind or quality of food revisited him. From that moment the rigid fasting commenced. Of water he would partake readily, but not largely, for he said that in quantity it was heavy and cold, and caused painful distension. He would take it to allay thirst, and nothing more. For ten days, under this regime, he went about the house and walked occasionally in the garden, refusing medical advice. After this he took to his bed, and declined to rise except to have the bed made. He now wished for medical attention, but was as resolute with his medical advisers against taking food as he was with the members of his family.

His room was kept quiet and warm, and he was permitted to sleep as often and as comfortably as could be wished. He died on the fifty-fifth day, having abstained from all solid food and partaken of no other drink than water for sev

four days. Once in this time an effort was made to four days. Once in this time an enorth was made to feed him, perforce, with milk; but he resisted so determinedly, and subjected himself to such danger by his resistance, that the attempt was not made a second time.

He sank into the extremest state of emaciation

He sack into the extremest state of emaciation during the first three or four weeks of his trial, after which he did not seem to me to undergo further change, although I saw him almost daily. He slept a great deal, and at times he tried to read; but the effort at reading soon became wearisome and painful, and was never more than a mere listless occupation. He was not at any time irritable, except when pressed to take food, and he was fond of hearing the current topics of the day; but he soon wearied also at being conversed with, and would drop off into a semi-somnoleat state while conversing. I never heard him versed with, and would drop out into a semi-somno-leat state while conversing. I never heard him complain of any pain or discomfort; he did not seem to express or feel desire to live, and he certainly never expressed any desire to die.

On the morning of his death he, for the first time

On the morning of his death he, for the first lime from the commencement of his fast, expressed that he would eat, and that which he wished for was fruit or raw vegetable, with cream. An attempt was made immediately to pacify his desire, under the hape that, if he once recommenced to take food of one kind, he might be tempted to take more promising support; but it was of no avail, and, in fact, nothing was swallowed. Soon after this he sank into unconsciousness, and so succumbed.

THE AMIABLE LOUIS PHILIPPE.

From The Leisure Hour.

An Englishman arrived at Paris some days before the revolution of July, 1830. He very eagerly sought to inspect the interior court of the Palais Roya!, where the prince, Louis Philippe of Orleans, was receiving deputations that came to him from all parts of the country, villagers with the Mayor and drummer at their head, brave fellows well furnished with addresses, and often excited by the fatigues of the road and the heat of the day.

The Englishman on arriving asked if Louis Philippe had made his appearance.

"Certainly," they answered him, "he is just retired."

tired."

"Ah, I am very sory for that, he said, "I am come to Paris to see him."

"Never mind," said one near him, "I will show him to you." So he shouted out, "Vive Lours Philippe! Vive la Charte!" and the multitude cried out

A window opened over a balcony, the Prince appeared, humbly saluted the crowd, and retired.
"Ah, I am very glad indeed," said the Englishman; "but I have heard some say that one might see him with the tricolored flag, and surrounded by

his family."

"That is very easy," said the other; "give me some sous, and he will come forth."

"Indeed! Here are some with great pleasure," said the Englishman, handing a franc to his neighlmmediately a voice raised the couplet, which a

Immediately a voice raised the couplet, which a thousand voices immediately repeated,

"Soldier with the tricolor flag,
Who from Orleans bearest it," etc.

And the couplet did not cease to be heard before the Prince, surrounded by his family and holding the three-colored flag, came forth to salute the crowd.

There was silence for a short time. Then the

complaisant neighbor, turning toward the ear of the Englishman, said: "Now shall I make him sing? As it is rather a difficult matter, you will have to give me ten francs."
"I will do so willingly," said the Englishman, as-

"I will do so willingly," said the Englishman, assured by the success of the former engagements. Then the man, with his ten france, exerted himself and shouted with others around him so eagerly and instilly, "Vive le Roi! Vive la Charte! la Marseillaise!" that at the end of twenty minutes Louis Philippe presented himself again before a large crowd exulting with impatience and joy.

The Marseillaise was lustily raised by the crowd. The new King was about to retire from the balcony, but stopped in the midst of the applause, and sang with the people, marking time with his feet.

The story relates that the king-exhibitor, addressing the Englishman, said to him, "Now if you will give me one hundred francs he shall dance." But the other, thinking the show had gone far enough, went away.

dance." But the other, thinking the show had gone far enough, went away.

Some may think that this anecdote comes from a suspicious source. It is taken word for word from the contemporary history of C. A. Daubin, a work in use among students of philosophy. It appeared to the learned professor to be so characteristic that he thought it worth relating, aithough at first sight it appeared to him unworthy of the gravity of history.

HOME INTERESTS.

MAKING TURTLE SOUP AT HOME. THE TASK NOT BEYOND THE ABILITY OF HOUSE-KEEPERS-HOW IT IS DONK-PRICES IN THE FISH AND MEAT MARKETS-FRUIT DISAPPEARING.

The fish market presented a curious appearance

esterday morning, because of the unusual number of green turtles which lay sprawled about on their backs, like a lot of fat, broad-waisted babies, with very big, ugly mouths. The average weight of these helpless monsters is forty pounds; they range, however, from sixteen to sixty and seventy-five pounds. One great creature measuring four feet and a half and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, might, in a natural position, have been a startling object to encounter, but lying prone on his back in the busy market he looked as though he were enjoying the Nirvana of Buddha. Now begins the season for green furtle soup-a preparation supposed to be of so intricate a character as to baffle the intelligence of any but a professional cook. The only possible difficulty, however, is the preparation of the turtle for the pot, and this part the family butcher will be found not too squeamish to perform. In case it is necessary to do this at home, the following rules will be well to observe: Turn the turtle on its back and tie the fins; cut off the head. It must remain twenty-four hours, and then the fless loosened about the edge, using a sharp kinfe. The gall must be removed without breaking; cut the entrails from the backbone; cut the white shell in pieces; scald the fins and head antil you can remove the shells. Now put the shells in a sancepan with a few onions, some sweet herbs and sait, and fill with water; let this boil until the fins are tender; at the same time boil in another pot some of the lean meat, a fowl, and a pound of lean ham. Strain the two liquors together; add a glass of Madeira wine and a glass of sherry; put in bits of scalded entrails, lean meat, forcemeat-balls, and hard boiled eggs; season with red pepper, curry powder and lemon juice.

The fowl can be served with a white sauce. so intricate a character as to baffle the intelligence

and hard boiled eggs; season with red pepper, curry powder and lemon juice.

The fowl can be served with a white sauce.

Turtle is selling at 15 cents per pound; terrapin from \$15 to \$30 per dezen; Spanish mackerel, 25 to 55 cents per pound; bass, 25 cents; smelts, 25 cents; bluefish, 10 cents; common mackerel, 15 cents; weakfish, 10 cents; white perel, 15 cents; haddock, 8 cents; kinglish, 25 cents, blackfish, 12½ cents; flounders, 10, and porgies the same; sea bass and cels are selling at 18 cents per pound; lobsters, 10 cents. Stewing oysters are 75 cents per 100; frying, \$150; extra Saddlerocks, \$250; small Blue Points, such as are served on half shell, 75 cents per 100. Scallops are \$150 per galion; crawfish, \$3 per 100.

Poultry and game in market remain at about last week's prices. Reed birds are selling a little cheaper—\$1 per dozen at present; very good small birds are 65 and 75 cents per dozen; teal, 75 to \$1 per pair; plover, 38 cents apiece; partridges, \$1; squab, 25

—\$1 per dozen at present; very good small office at 65 and 75 cents per dozen; teal, 75 to \$1 per pair; plover, 38 cents apiece; partridges, \$1; squab, 25 cents; grouse, 75 cents; woodcock, 75 cents; and English snipe, 25 cents apiece; Turkeys seli from 15 to 20 cents per pound; fowl, 16 to 18 cents; chickens, 16 to 22 cents; prime Philadelphia chickens, 16 to 22 cents; prime Philadelphia chickens, dry picked, are 23 and 25 cents per pound. Meat is in greater demand as the scason advances, but the prices remain firm; the only change of importance is in pork, which has advanced a little. Hams are 14 cents per pound; shoulders, 9 to 10 cents; sausage, 10 to 12 cents; smoked sausage, 14 to 15 cents; Bogona sausage, 10 to 12 cents; bacon, 14 cents per pound; pork tenderiom, 15 to 16 cents; fine small pigs are to be found now selling from \$2.50 to \$3.50 apiece.

Beef was sold at Washington Market yesterday as follows: Prime rib roast, 20 cents per pound; porterhouse, 24 cents; sirloin, 20 cents; flat-boue, 20 cents; filet, 50 cents; leg, 6 cents; corned navel, 10 cents; corned plate, 10 cents; corned navel, 10 cents.

COMES.

The quotations for veal are 18 cents per pound for loin; 14 cents for breast; veal cutlets sell at 25 cents per pound; shoulder 10 cents, and leg 18

Prices for mutton and lamb range as follows: Mutton hind-quarter, 14 cents; fore-quarter, 10 cents; back and leg. 14 cents. Lamb hind-quarter, 15 to 16 cents; fore-quarter, 10 to 12 cents; rack and leg, 15 cents.

Butter continues to advance in price. The best Creamery, which was selling for 33 cents last week, now commands 35 cents in the markets, and some of the up-towir dealers ask as high as 38 cents per pound; best State dairy 32 cents; a fair grade of pound; best State dairy 32 cents; table butter is selling for 30 cents.

poind; best State darry 32 cents; alar grade of table butter is selling for 30 cents.

The peach season draws near its close. Southern peaches are small and poor; they sell at \$1 25 per basket; smocks and white Heath are \$1 75 and \$2 25 per basket; Crawfords from \$2 50 to \$3 per basket. Good pears continue scarce; choice Bartletts sell as high as \$10 per barrel; they sell per dozen from 40 to 50 cents. Other varieties are selling from 75 cents to \$1 50 per basket. Plums are growing scarcer. Reine, Claude, Damson and Green Gage are \$1 50 per bushel. Grapes are very abundant, selling generally from 4 to 5 cents a pound; Delawares from 8 to 12 cents per pound.

The vegetable market is well supplied, and prices remain much the same as those quoted last week t

MENU. MENU.
Raw Oysters.
Croute au Pot.
Veal Cutlets with Potatoes a la Parisienne, String

Veal Cutiets with Potatoes a la Parisienne, String
Beans.
Grouse Breasts on Tonst, garnished with water-cross and
cutrant felly.
Choudi-ner an Gratin,
Tomato Salad, French dressing.
English Dairy Cheese, Waters,
Painted Ladies, Floating Island.
Grapes and Pears.
Coffee,

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

CROUTE AU POI.-Cut off the bottom crust of a CROUTE AU POI.—Cut off the bottom crust of a loaf, leaving the same thickness of crumb as there is crust. Cut it out in rounds the size of a dime. Soak these rounds in some good clear stock, lay them in a well-buttered tin, and put it into the oven to remain till quite dried up. Then lay them in the soup tureen with pieces of carrots, turnips, and onions, that have been used to make the stock, cut out in rounds, pour some clear stock boiling het over, and in a lew minutes serve.

CHOUFLEUR AU GRATIN.—Dispose on a buttered dish a boiled cauliflower, cut in two pieces. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg, add a tablespoonful of flour, stir on the fire a couple of minutes, add a gill of milk and two ounces or more of grated Parmesan cheese, pepper and salt to taste; stir until the sauce boils, pour it over the cauliflower; sprinkle a few baked bread-crumps over, and bake in a quick oven uatil well browned.

PAINTED LARGES.—Banaca in a buttered dishered.

Panted Ladies.—Remove the eyes and stalks from some pice round-tooking apples that will cook well, and peet them in a shallow stewpan large enough to held them in one layer. Dissolved loaf sugar in sufficient water to completely cover the apples, allowing four ounces of sugar to each pint of water; add a few cloves and a little lemon peel and stick cinnamon. Cover the stewpan, and simmer the apples very gently, or they will break before being cooked thoroughly. When done, and they are cool enough, lift them carefully to a glass dush, and with a small brush fint them delicately on one side with a little liquid cochincal or melted red currant jelly; strain the syrup return it to the stewpan, and boul it rapidly until reduced to one-third of a pint. When cold stir to it a wineglass of sherry and the juice of half a lemon, and pour it round but not over the apples. The wine may be omitted. PAINTED LADIES.-Remove the eyes and stalks

PRESERVED PEARS .- One half-pound sugar to on PRESERVED PRARS.—One half-pound sugar to one pound pears; dissoive the sugar with about one and one-half punts of cold water to eight pounds of sugar. When dissoived, add three or four lemons sliced, and about six inches of ginger (scraped) and sliced thin, put in the pears, and let them boil till soft enough to put a straw through, boil the syrup down, if too thin, after taking out the pears, and putting them in the jars.

APPLE FRITTERS .- Make a batter, not very stiff. with one quart of milk, three eggs, and flour to bring it to a right consistence. Pare and core a dozen apples, and chop them to about the size of small peas, and mix them well in the batter. Fry them in lard, as you would doughnuts. Sprinkle powdered sugar over them.

RAISED MUFFINS .- Five eggs, one quart milk, two RAISED MUFFINS.—Five eggs, one quart milk, two ounces butter, one teaspoonful salt, two large table-spoonfuls of brewer's yeast, or four of homemade yeast, and enough sifted flour to make a stiff batter. Warm the milk and butter together, and add to them the salt; beat the eggs very light, and stir them into the milk and butter; then sitr in the yeast, and lastly sufficient flour to make a thick batter; cover the mixture, and set it to rise in a warm place about three hours; when it is quite light, grease your baking-iron and muffin rings; set the rings on the iron, and pour the batter into them—bake them a light brown. When you split them to put on the butter, do not cutthem with a knife, but puil them open with your hands; cutting them hot will make them heavy.

Oyster Catsur.—One quart oysters, one table-

OYSTER CATSUP .- One quart oysters, one table OYSTER CATSUP.—One quart oysters, one table-spoon sait, one table-spoon cayenne pepper, one table-spoon mace, one teacup cider yinegar, one teacup sherry. Chop the oysters, and boil in their own iguor with the teacup vinegar, skuming the scum as it rises. Boil three minutes, strain through a hair cloth, return the liquor to the fire; add the wine, pepper, salt and mace. Boil fifteen minutes, and when cold, bottle for use.

CHICKEN A LA MADERE.—Boil a fine, large, tender chicken; when done, and while yet warm, cut it

CHICKEN A LA MADERE.—Boil a fine, large, tender chicken; when done, and while yet warm, cut it from the bones into small pieces, as for chicken salad; put it into a stew pan with one gill of boiling water; then stir together until perfectly smooth, one-fourth pound butter, one tenspoon flour, and the yolk of one egg, which add to the chicken half at a time, stirring all well together; then season with salt and pepper. After letting it simmer about ten minutes, add one-half gill Madeira wine, and send to table hot. to table bot.

to table bot.

Tomato Jelly.—Tear in pieces some rips tomatoes, and stew them until thoroughly cooked, with as little water as will keep them from burning; put the pulp into a jelly bag, and, when the julce has trickled through, put a pound of loaf sugar to each pint of juice, and boil rapidly until it jellies If the color is not bright red, a few drops of cochi

neal will improve it. This jelly is eaten with roast

CAROTTES A LA MAITRE D' HOTEL.—Take new carrots. as niuch as possible all of a size, trim them
neatly, and parboil them for ten minutes in fastboiling salted water; drain and put them, whole or
cut in balf, according to their size, into a saucepan
with plenty of butter, white pepper, and sait to
taste, aid seme finely minced parriey and a few
drops of lemon juice, and keep shaking the saucepan on the fire until the carrots are quite done.

CAROTTES A LA FLAMANDE.—When parboiled and
drained, but the carrots into a saucepan with a

drained, put the carrots into a saucepan with a piece of butter, a pinch of sugar, and as much water as may be necessary for some add some finely piece of butter, a pinch of sugar, and as much water as may be necessary for sauce, add some finely muced parsley and white peoper and salt to taste. Let the carrots simmer till done (about fifteen minutes), shaking them occasionally. Beat up together the yolks of two eggs and half a gill of cream, stir this into the carrots off the fire and serve.

To Can Corn.—For every eight quarts of corn cut from the cob take one onnee of tartaric acid; cook together and can. Last year we put up thirty-five cans for family use and all kept well. We have used this recipe for years.—[A. B. V.

used this recipe for years.—IA. B. V.

THE IDEAL SANDWICH.—Take delicate morsels of cold grouse, and either grate or pound them finely. Segson to taste, adding a drop or two of lemon. Spread some paper-thin slices of fresh bread with butter; over this spread thickly the groase. A quantity of these sandwiches with a bottle of wine for those who approve it, or a bottle of cefe au lait for those who don't, and some fruit for dessert, make up an ideal travelling luncheon.

Spread some paper-thin sires of these states of the butter; over this spread thickly the groase. A quantity of these sandwiches with a bottle of wine for those who approve it, or a bottle of eafe as that for those who don't, and some fruit for dessert, make up an ideal travelling luncheon.

To Remove Milder,—Rub soft or dissolved soap on the spots, scrape chaik on them and lay in the sun. Repeat if necessary.

To Remove Whinkles.—To one fluid ounce of tincture of gum benzoin add seven fluid ounce of tincture of gum benzoin add seven fluid ounces distilled rose-water, and one-half ounce glycorine. Bathe face, neck and hands with it at night, letting it dry on. Wash off in the morning with a very little pure white castile soap and soft water. If the wetter is hard, add a little dissolved borax. This is a famous cosmetic, and has been sold under various names. It is an excellent remedy for tan, stabing and freckles also.—[Mrs. T. The latter, it is said, may be removed by using the following decoction. Put a quantity of elder-flowers into a jug, pour boiling water on them, let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, and strain through muslin. Wash the face every morning with the decoction. It is good also for sunburn and to beautify the skim.

To Color Walls Pink.—Take two onness of

To COLOR WALLS PINK .- Take two onness of

also for sumburn and to beautify the skim.

To Color Walls Pink.—Take two onnces of cochineal and steep it in warm water two hours, when add to it one half onnce of cream tartar. Put as much or as little of this decoction in your whitewash as will make the desirable shade. A cheaper and handsomer pink may be had from inchwood or madder. Take one pound of madder and soak over night in a brass or copper kettle; set it on the fire and let it come to a boil, when use the same as above.—[AUNF ADDIF.

Geraniums for Winter Blooming.—From the middle of Angust to the middle of September, select cuttings or "slips" from your plants. The fresh growth of stalk, not the old and woody; the new branches nearest the root are best. Break them off, close to the parent stalk toetter than to cut them, and plant in soil composed of one-third clean sand—river sand if convenient—and two-thirds rich garden soil. Keep them well watered, with sunlight after a few days, and allow them to remain in the open air as long as possible. When driven to the house by frost place them by routh, east, or if obliged to, by west window. Water them daily, but not have them water soaked; have plenty of moisture in the air by means of evaporation of water from the stove of furgace if you are a martyr to this so-called modern improvement. By January or February flowering will begin. Of course the care they receive and favorableness of surroundings will have much to do with the profusion of bloom. Moisture in the air is absolutely essential to success. The ordinary iron or coal stove or a dish between the stove pipe and stove or attached to the pipe is Moisture in the air is absolutely escential to success. The ordinary from or coal stove or a dish between the stove pipe and stove or attached to the pipe is of little or no good. The best m-ans we have found is to remove the top of the stove, which is usually movable to admit the coal and have a pan of tin or copper made to it the depression which is generally in the top casting. If this dish holds a gallon or so, all the better for the plants, and the more conductive to the health of the occupants of the room. The best jar for plants is the oid-fashioned, brick-colored crock. Avoid all that are glazed upon the outside or inside. The glazing prevents evaporation through the pores of the jar, and geraniums will not thrive well without this. Small boxes put together with screws, or dovetailed, make excellent receptacles for growing plants. Geraniums and plants generally do best in medium-sizea "lowish" rooms. This becomes one of the compensations for living in small or cottage houses; you can have your windows in dreary winter "blossom as the rose," while those of stately mansions present a barren or scraggly appearance.

Scraggly appearance.

PEUNIAS, "slipped" as above described, will root and blossom beautifully during the late winter days and all through the spring. They require considerable water. The geraniums and other plants started for cuttings that do well during the winter are just the thing for bedding the next season.—[8, 8, 8, Bath, N. Y.

THE FAMOUS WHITEBAIT.

From The London News.

The proper whitebait season is considered by the principal Thames ishermen to begin when Parliament begins, and end when Parliament ends. This is the rule they have gone by for many years This is the rule they have gone by for many years past, or, to put it according to the almanac, they begin with their nets in February and go on to the middle of August. This year Parliament has held its sittings so late that the whitebait, not being able to wait so long, have adjourned to the sea, thence to return as sprats about next November, especially being careful to remember that they are due at the Mansion House on the 9th of November a Rait 2 as it is technically called variancement. especially being careful to remember that they are due at the Manson House on the 9th of November "Bait." as it is technically called, varies much in size and quality according to the season of the year. Thus, in February and March, considerable numbers of "yawiings" are caught. These are, without doubt, "yearling" herrings. In June 2nd July the bait run very small, and "heads and eyes" appear in the nets. These are very minute, geiatinous little creatures, so transparent that the bright, silvery eye is the most noticeable portion of them. At various times of the year appear also "Polwigs," i.e., young gobies, and "Rooshans," infant weaver fish, as likewise "buntings" (brown), and red shrimps, sand cels, sticklebacks, etc. We have carefully examined a sample of the "bait" similar to that which will be caught to-day for the Ministerial dinner. It consists almost entirely of young sprats—lovely little fish, as silvery as a new shilling, and in excellent condition.

It has lately been alleged that killing this fry is a wasteful process, and that they should be allowed to grow into adult fish; but in the estuary of the Thames sprats are not falling off, in fact, it often happens in the win'er months that Billings, gate market is overstocked with sprats in consequence of so man; "garvies" (Scotch for sprats) being sent from Inverness and other firths of Scotland. This also accounts for the fact that, when abundant, sprats are largely used for manner for the Kentish hop-yards and turnip-fields. The value of whitebait as wnitebait is very large. One firm alone pays £100 a week in wages during the season, and at another place about £1,000 a year is

value of whitebait as whitebait is very large. One firm alone pays £100 a week in wages during the season, and at another place about £1,000 a year is coming in as wages to the whitebait catchers. Under these circumstances it is not likely that Parliament will ever be asked to make it illegal for the fishermen to catch or the public to eat whitebait. As regards the origin of the term whitebait, in former times these little fishes were used as "bait" for the crab pots; then, as now, they were very bright and silvery, and were called "white-bait," in contradistinction to other baits that were not white. When they became fashionable as food for Londoners they still retained their name "whitebait," by which appellation they will probably be still known at Ministerial dinners for many years to come. many years to come.

MARIE DE BERISMENIL.

A French Legend from Beloravia.

There was once a Lord of Berlsmeni who was the sworn brother-in-argus of Lord Samrée. Nothing was ever seen like the affection of these two lords, and folks likened it to the friendship between David an Jonathan. So it went on growing with their age and strengthening with their strength. It promised, too, to bear lasting fruit in the union of their children, for the only son of the Lord of Samrée passionately loved the fair Marie, the only daughter of de Berismenn. All at once some land which trenched on the domains of both loriships had to be appropriated, and for the first time the two friends disagreed; a coolness arose, and they saw one another rarely. Then there came a fresh difficulty about some conflicting rights which in the old times would have been settled without dispute between the two loving friends; but with this element of discord between them it only served to widen the breach.

Mutual defiances were exchanged, and the lovers were forbidden even to think of one another.

In fact, the Lord of Berismenil told his daughter that she must prepare to marry the Count de la

were forbidden even to think of one another.

In fact, the Lord of Berisménil told his daughter that she must prepare to marry the Count do la Roche. Marie wept; but her father insisted, and told her that when next he spoke on the subject he expected to find her in a more submissive humor. In the evening she rode out in a melancholy mood. So absorbed was she by her sorrow that, letting the reins lie on her horse's neck, she took no need of where he went. Presently he stumbled on the broken ground, took fright, and plunged vislently forward, to what the terrified girl now saw was the edge of the precipice overlooking the Ourthe. Marie shricked and gave herself up for lost, but all at once her bride was seized and her headlong course stayed at a few steps from the daintness her to rore had caused. But after a few moments they had to rouse from the happiness of their meeting. Marie bly be wedded to the Count de la Roche. Marie protested, but she dared not linger; she knew that if her father's suspicions were roused, all hope of escape would be ended. Her lover saw that she hesitated.

"If you do not meet me to-morrow outside the castle walls," he said, "it is because you wish to marry the Count de la Roche."

This was too much for the tender maiden, and it

was agreed that as soon as it grew dusk on the next night she would fly with the young Lord of Samarés. Next morning she summoned courage and songat her father.

"My lord"—she trembled so that her voice sounded weak and hesitating—"I did not fell you yesterday, but I can never do as you wish. I cannot marry the Count de la Roche."

The Lord of Berisménil grew nale with anger; he stamped and swore, and vowed he would bend her to his will. He bade Marie leave him and keep her chamber.

So she did very gladly till evening, when she came So she did very gladly till evening, when she came softly down the winding stone staticase in one of the cornet turrets; her maid meantime had seen that all was ready, and Marie found at a little distance from the walls her lover waiting on a powerful black horse. The creature stamped with impatience, and it seemed to Marie, while her lover lifted her on the pillion behind him, that the horse's nostrils flashed fire: but in an instant they were flying rapidly across the hills toward Houffalize. The sky now suddenly became black as mgnt, thunder rolled across the hills, and Marie grew broathless with fear, when all at once came the third, thud of pursuit, and, looking back, the Lord of Samrée saw a warrier fully armed gaining rapidly on them.

Lord of Samires saw a warrior tiny armed gaining rapidly on them.

"Take my sword"—he drew it and placed it in her cold hand—"and as the pursuer nears us strike at him boldly."

"I cannot—I will not," she cried; but almost as

BURIAL IN NAPLES.

Reapolitan Letter to The Pall Mall Gasette.

Arrived at the gateway we were told by the old "custode" that the public is no longer admitted to assist at the irinerals. "But I have an order from the Prefect." "That alters the case," he said, as he opened the door. For the last twenty years, every time I have visited this horrible spot I have been told that new land has been bought, and that the old Campo Santo is to be closed. But all that has been done is thus:—Irritated by the repeated protests of Italians from the other provinces and of foreigners, the authorities have shut one the public from a spectacle that is as difficult as it is loathsome to describe. The enormous churchyard is divided into 365 squares; in each square a tone with an iron ring in the centre closes up a separate hole, which is reopened on the same day every successive year. Flanking the church on the left side of the yard are a lot of boxes fixed in the wall, which, opening downward, serve as temporary coffins. In these were nine babies and little children, each with a flower in its mouth. "And La Vargale 2" Lasked. The Raffaele used to vive time which, opening downward, serve as temporary coffins. In these were nime babies and little children, each with a flower in its mouth. "And La Raffaele?" I asked. The Raffaele used to give the little corpses each a sis, to send them more quickly to Paradise. "Oh, we don't have her now, as the children don't get buried till the morning." As he spoke, up came the funeral car of the Royal Albergo dei Poveri. The flap of the car fell backward, a leaden tray such as is used for transporting slaughtered oxen was dragged out, and the body of a man, dressed in nature's ciothing, was taken up head and heels and flung into a box by the church wall.

Next came the carozzone of the municipality, all gilt and splendor, like the Lord Mayor's carriage, and out of it was taken a corpse—this time with some clothing on it. "He is a particolare" said the guardian. And it appeared that be had had the fortune to die among his own people. Presently the priest appeared, and hole No. 212 was o,ence. The particolare was thrown into a zinc box, which by means of a crane was lifted over the open hole and lowered down. You heard a "tonfo"; the zinc box came up empty; the particolare had gone to his last each of the ton of last year's skeletons. So for

and lowered down. You heard a "tonfo'; the zine box came up empty; the particolare had gone to his last rest on the top of last year's skeletons. So for the rest of the corpses, male and female. Then came the car of the Incurabili, with the hashed members of the human forms which had rendered their last service to humanity on the dissecting table of the hospital. These were nitched into the hole on the top of the rest; and above these, tomorrow morning, would repose the dead lattle ones whose mothers had placed a flower in their mouths!—"Basta!" said my companion. And it will probably satisfy the veriest sceptic as to the miseries to which the poor of Naples are subject to visit the Campo Santo Vecchio any dayin the year at 6 p. m.

PRISONER.

Sounds of the river-side are in my ear Through the long day:
The merry haymakers I plainly hear,
The tossing hay.

O cruel dreams, that through the roaring town My ears engage!
Alas! poor bird, whose home was once the down,
But now a cage! F. W. BOURDILLON.

USEFUL MONKEYS.

The Nature of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, Mr. L. Schwendler gave an instance of a Langar monkey (Semopitheus ontellus) having been taught to do useful work. Mr. Schwendler's "trustworthy informant" was Babu B. Pyne, a member of the Government Telegraph Department. The Babu says: "Some years ago I had a Langur, which, when standing erect, measured inliv two feet six inches. The animal was very powerful, and could easily pull a punkha measuring eight feet in length. It was a male, and even when young showed a disposition to be highly savage. The older it got the more savage it became. Seeing the great pawer this monkey had, I wanted to unitze it, and therefore intended to employ it for the purpose of pulling punkhas. The teaching I effected in the following manner: The menkey was tied by the wast close to a strong pole, so that it could not move either backwards or forwards, or right or left. Both hands were tool to a rope attached to a punkha, which was regularly pulled from the other side by a man. Thus the animal had to sit in one place, and could only move its hands up and down with the punkha rope. In this way the monkey in a comparatively short time learned to pull the punkha by itself, and was so employed by me for several years. It always kept in first-rate health, enjoyed its work immensely, and did it equally well, it not better, than a cooley. During the rainsit suffered from fever, and ultimately did. Putting now this trained monkey in the place where the man used to pull the punkha, and a new Langur in the place where the trained monkey for more monkeys, two of which were females. I succeeded perfectly in feaching the males, but was quite unsuccessful with the females."

Mr. Schwender said there is a certain amount of intelligence required to do this work, since the arms, in their up and down movements, have to keep time with the swinging punkha. Mr. Schwendler mentioned, In particular, he mentioned a case in which the display of intelligence by monkeys had been noticed. In particular, he mentione

keep time with the swinging punkha. Mr. Schwendier mentioned some other instances in which the display of intelligence by monkeys had been noticed. In particular he mentioned a case in which a monkey, which had sustained a fall from trusting to a rotten branch while swinging on a tree, had been observed afterward to examine the branches of the tree, and to break off those which it found to be rotten. Some discussion ensued as to whether the action of the monkey in this case was the result of intelligence, and some of the members present were of opinion that it might have been the result simply of anger caused by the fall. Mr. Schwendier, however, stated that he had for long made the habits of animals a study, and that he was convinced of the fact that monkeys were possessed of much intelligence; and he vouched for the authenticity of the statements made in the paper real regarding the monkeys which were taught to pull a punkha.

THE KING'S DEATH.

From J. E. Murdoch's Book on the Stage. Mr. Macready was fond of telling the following From J. E. Murdoch's Book on the Stage.

Mr. Macready was fond of telling the following story as his experience of American independence, exemplified in a Western actor of the self-satisfied kind. "In the last act of namlet,' said he, "I was very anxious to have the King, who was rather of a democratic turn of mind, to fall, when I stabbed him, over the steps of the throne and on the right-hand side, with his feet to the left, in order that when I was to fall I should have the centre of the stage to myself, as bentting the principal personage of the tragedy No objection was made to this request on the part of the actor; but at night, to my great surprise, he wheeled directly round after receiving the sword thrust, and deliberately fell in the middle of the scene, just on the spot whers I was in the habit of dying. Well, as a dead man cannot move himself, and as there was no time for others to do it, the King's body romained in possession of my place, and I was forced to find another situation, which I did, and finished the scene in the best way I could.

"When I expostulated with his Majesty for the liberty he had taken, no coolly replied: Mr. Macready, we Western people know nothing about Kings, except that they have an odd trick of doing as they please; therefore, I thought, as I was a King, I had a right to die wherever I — pleased; and so, sir, I fell back upon my kingly rights, afond which, you perceive, sir, there is no appeal? I retired, said Mr. Macready, "to my dressing-room to have a hearty laugh over what I felt more like crying over a moment before."